



Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—

JUNE 1971





A PEACEFUL countryside scene, somewhere in China. Photo by Dottie Yuen Leuba.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

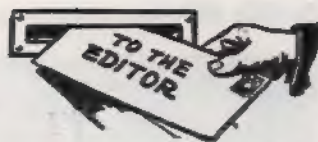
● **From Dallas** comes information that the 1971 reunion of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association, to be held there August 4-7 at the Baker Hotel, will be a "star studded" affair. Well-known individuals from the political, military, literary and entertainment fields have been invited . . . some have already said they will be there. Here's your opportunity to meet famous personalities as well as your friends from CBI. We suggest you make reservations right away.

● **The old CBI area** has been in the news again, what with "ping pong" diplomacy in China and civil war in East Pakistan. Dacca and Chittagong, once familiar to CBIs, were in the midst of fighting. And in San Francisco, Dr. H. V. Soong, for many years the financial brains of the Chinese Nationalist government and a trusted trouble-shooter for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, died unexpectedly in April at the age of 77.

● **Cover photo** this month, by Robert G. Kaiser, shows a G.I. with young Indian friend, both seemingly on good terms with the livestock. Circumstances under which the picture was taken are unknown.

● **This issue** may reach subscribers a few days late, due to an exceptionally heavy load of printing on the presses which produce the magazine. We hope you'll be patiently waiting for it. We expect to be on time again with the July issue.

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John Z. Dawson

● John Z. Dawson, 55, who served as national commander of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association in 1957-58, died April 27 after suffering a massive stroke with cerebral hemorrhage. He had had five heart attacks and a number of strokes in the last three years. Born at Herkimer, N. Y., he served during World War II with the 2nd Air Commando Group. He was a charter member of the Motor City Basha of Detroit, and first assumed national office in 1956 when he was elected vice commander at Houston, Tex. Following his World War II service, he completed work on his bachelor of science degree at the Detroit Institute of Technology, graduating in 1947. He worked as an auditor for the State of Michigan and later as a self-employed public accountant for 22 years. Survivors include his wife, Mickey, and daughter, Marlene.

(From information submitted by Gene R. Brauer, Milwaukee, Wis.)



JOHN Z. DAWSON



WRESTLERS perform in makeshift ring formed by interested G.I. personnel and Indian fans. Photo by Wm. S. Johnson.

LaVerne R. Markert

● LaVerne R. "Sarge" Markert, 52, Moorhead, Minn., died March 14. A graduate of Moorhead State College, with graduate work at North Dakota State University, Fargo, he served in the Army Air Force during World War II in Burma and India. He taught school in Minnesota following the war. Survivors include his wife and two sons.

(From a Minot Daily News clipping sent in by Oliver Borlaug, Washburn, N.D.)

Hall of Fame

● Nathan H. Kaufman of Pittsburgh, Pa., who spent three years in CBI with the American Red Cross, has been unanimously elected to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania Swimming Hall of Fame at the Pennsylvania State University. Presentation was made at the Hall of Fame Luncheon April 16. The Hall of Fame was established by the University in 1968 to recognize those Pennsylvanians who "have exhibited extraordinary service and achievement through aquatics." Nate Kaufman was the first A.R.C. man into Burma in 1943. He opened 79 day rooms for GIs, the first

roadside canteen and the Margherita A.R.C. Club.

A. L. SHANER,
University Park, Pa.

Served in China

● Was in China as an advisor to the Chinese Air Force for 11 years from 1936 to 1947 under General Chennault. I was chief pilot of the China National Aviation Corporation, and any tie to CBI creates nostalgia.

BILL McDONALD,
Birmingham, Ala.

Iowa Gathering

● One of the State of Iowa Basha's largest turnouts in recent years (registration of 108) attended the spring meeting at Amana on April 24. In addition to the Iowans, there were CBIers from Nebraska, South Dakota, Wisconsin and Illinois. Ray Prickett of Indianola was elected as the new commander of the Iowa group. Others elected are Melvin Ritze, Alburnett, vice commander; Leonard C. Abels, Des Moines, judge advocate; Neil L. Maurer, Laurens, public relations; William H. Jones, Rose Hill, chaplain; and Charles Bloom, Ottumwa, Stanley Rains, Des Moines, and Robert Fink, Tripoli, board of directors. Ray Alderson of Dubuque was reelected to his 15th consecutive year as adjutant and finance officer. The Iowa basha will hold its fall meeting in Mason City with Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Boyenga in charge of arrangements. The 1972 spring meeting will be in Sioux City with Don Doyle of that city and Robert Pounds of Sioux Falls, S.D., as co-chairmen.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa



GRANARY near Gaya, India, was built in 1780 during time of famine. Photo by Warren Tucker.

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GI visits Chinese family in village near Kweilin bombed in error by the Japs in 1944. Photo by Milton Klein.

Edward C. Cavanaugh

● Edward C. Cavanaugh, 53, of Storm Lake, Iowa, died of a heart attack in March. He served in CBI as a C-47 flight engineer. Mr. Cavanaugh was chairman for the Iowa Basha meeting in Storm Lake in 1953. At the time of his death he was service manager for the Chevrolet-Buick agency.

(From a news item in the Storm Lake Pilot-Tribune, submitted by Ray Alderson, Dubuque, Iowa).

Smith Dawless

● Memorial services were held January 10 at Van Nuys, Calif., for Walt Disney story analyst Smith Dawless, 62, who died of a heart attack. Dawless began his movie career at Warner Brothers in 1937 and later worked for MGM. During the war he went to Assam, India, with the 73rd Evacuation Hospital, arriving in March 1943, and later became a field correspondent for CBI Roundup, the theater newspaper. After 1½ years in the jungle he was transferred to New Delhi, where he did the final rewrite of the CBI report to the War Department on the Merrill's Marauders operation. He was brought back to the States by General Joseph Stilwell

to work on a special assignment, later in 1945 joining the staff of Army Times as an associate editor. He resigned to become an editor with the State Department's "Voice of America" program. He is the author of a collection of poems dedicated to the China-Burma-India Veterans Association, which carries a foreword by Maj. Gen. Lewis A. Pick, former chief of Army Engineers. One of these poems, "The Ledo Road",

was selected by the editors of Army Times as one of the best soldier verses to come out of World War II. It was set to music and has been widely used in concerts and often featured on the radio.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Hazel Langdon, Major A.N.C. Ret., Leisure World, Calif., and a letter from Dora M. Henning, Lt. Col. A.N.C. Ret., Tacoma, Wash.)

VU2ZV in Chabua

● Had let my subscription lapse for about three years, and have just re-subscribed. Received several back issues, one of which was July 1970. On page 25 in Clyde Cowan's "Tales of CBI", I see my name, in connection with Radio Station VU2ZV . . . in Chabua. It certainly causes a warm glow to think that after a quarter of a century, someone remembers a few jokes I told that may have helped pass the long, oft-times lonely hours in Assam. I thank you, Mr. Cowan . . . and did you hear the one about . . . ???

GENE SAYET,
New York, N.Y.



ANN SHERIDAN is shown with members of her company while entertaining the 11th Bomb Group at Kweilin, China. Photo by J. E. Chapman.

Jungle Express

This article, from a wartime issue of Collier's, tells how American Army railroaders were then bringing new efficiency into railroading in faraway Bengal and Assam. Since some of the railroad language used may be unknown to many of our readers, here is a glossary for a few terms scattered throughout the article: HOGGER — locomotive engineer. PULL A LUNG — jerk out a coupling between locomotive and tender. DIED GAME — engine failed on a hill. ON THE ADVERTISED — on schedule. HORSE HER OVER — reverse the motion. CUT — a few cars coupled together.

BY RALPH CONISTON
Collier's—March 31, 1945

To the Indians, the Bengal & Assam Railway, a narrow-gauge pike wandering through the jungles of northwest India, seemed a fine, up-to-date railroad. But when several thousand G.I. railroaders of the Military Railway Service, Army Transportation Corps, took over the transportation of tons of guns, ammunition and supplies for the Chinese and Americans fighting the Japs in Burma, they figured they were working on the Toonerville Trolley line.

Even before the war, the Bengal & Assam had been little more than a "tea-garden railroad," designed only to carry produce of plantations along the way; now it was straining its boilers hauling incredible loads of equipment. The G.I.s had to learn to cope with sacred cows languishing on the tracks, truculent water buffaloes derailling trains, and occasional wild elephants charging the engines.

The equipment was remarkable. Freight cars had no automatic couplers. Each car had a female coupler at one end and a male at the other, so that, to make up a train, half the cars had to be Y-d or turntabled until they all faced the same way. Even then, it was no trick to pull a lung, as hoggers and brakemen soon found out.

The first day of American occupation. Engineer Emmet P. Doughty of St. Louis, hauling a long freight out

of Pandu yards, died game on Kamakhya Hill. The train broke in two, and nine cars started back down the grade. The stationmaster at Kamakhya West Station reported to the yardmaster at Pandu that Doughty hadn't arrived on the advertised. First Sergeant William J. Cearfoss of Lowellville, Ohio, commandeered a yard engine, and he and Pfc. James Piazzzy of Trenton, New Jersey, started down the line.

Near the bottom of the hill, Cearfoss and Piazzzy were startled to see the nine runaway cars heading toward them at a fast clip.

"Stop her! Reverse her!" yelled the sergeant.

Piazzzy jammed the brakes and horsed her over. In no time, they were boiling down the grade at fifty miles an hour, the flanges screaming against the iron on the curves. Piazzzy steadied her with the brake and slowly let the runaway cut ease up to the tender. Finally he brought the string to a stop, and he and the sergeant shook hands. They were beaming all over when suddenly there was a terrific crash and they were hit by eighteen more cars that had broken away from Doughty's freight up on the hill. No casualties, but the wrecker was busy for half a day rerailing cars.

Faced with a tremendous job and not much time to do it in, the Americans immediately stepped up the speed limits. Whereas Indian personnel had run the trains at a maximum of 25 miles an hour, G.I.s highballed through as high as forty-five. The sacred cows of India, meandering along the right of way, naturally were used to more respect and less speed. They lost out. Fortunately the Indians regarded casualties for collisions with engines as "deaths from natural causes." One G.I. engineer, finding himself blocked by a cow in a narrow cut, bumped her repeatedly until she got off the track.

Since the line runs through jungle, there were wild animals as well as domestic. T/4 Lawrence Harrison, Madison, Indiana, met a tiger while

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alone in a motor car. In his excitement Harrison killed his engine, so when the eight-foot jungle cat came at him, his only protection was a carbine, a pretty light weapon for tiger shooting. Harrison's first shot shook up the tiger. Then it really started to charge, and Harrison shot a second time, then a third, the shots taking effect, stopping the beast. He pulled the trigger twice more and tried to shoot a sixth time. A sickening click told him his carbine had not been fully loaded. The tiger dropped a mere twelve yards away.

At Bogpani, near the end of the line, is one of the G.I.s' favorite characters, Moonbeam. This huge elephant rumbles out of the jungle at his mahout's call and delightedly functions as a switch engine. Moonbeam is already a legend throughout the China-Burma-India theater because of his human-like trick of taking a rest by leaning against a car with his hind legs crossed.

Despite all this comic-strip atmosphere, the goods went through, and today the Bengal & Assam runs under the general-managing of Brigadier General Paul F. Yount. Yount is a professional soldier, not a railroad man, but veteran railroaders under his command tell you: "Don't let that fool you! The general catches on faster than an airbrake." He is often pleased but never satisfied with results. Some of his subordinates refer to him as "One-more-car Yount."

Born thirty-six years ago in the railroad town of Alliance, Ohio, Yount, although he had the usual boyhood desire to become a railroader, went to West Point and graduated as Number One man in the class of 1931. His interest in railroading persisted, however. When he returned to the Point to teach engineering, he installed a miniature railway system in his basement. Friends say he was down there oftener than his young daughter, Peggy, for whom the toy supposedly was bought.

In 1941, as war clouds thickened the Army, realizing it would need soldiers who knew railroading, sent Yount to Saint Paul, Minnesota. There, under Carl R. Gray, Jr., then vice-president

of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railroad, now a brigadier general in France and Director General of the Transportation Corps' Military Railway Service No. 1, Yount studied railroad operation in all its phases.

In 1942, he was rushed overseas to organize transport at the first American base in India at Karachi, a job for which he was recently awarded the Legion of Merit. From there he was sent to Iran, where under Major General Donald H. Connolly (at that time C. G. Persian Gulf Command, and later succeeded by Brigadier General Donald P. Booth), he was commanding officer of Military Railway Service Headquarters No. 3, charged with pushing cannon, planes and other war tools up from the Persian Gulf by rail to aid Soviet Armies. The job involved almost as much diplomacy as it did railroading, since it required reconciling the conflicting ideas not only of American and Iranian authorities, but of the British and Russians as well. General Yount's success is attested by two decorations: the envied Order of Kutusov, third degree, from the Soviet government, never too lavish with its honors; and the Distinguished Service Medal from his own country.

In 1943, Yount was sent back to India on an urgent mission. Across the Himalayas the Chinese were slowly being strangled by the Japs. They were gasping for supplies, the bulk of which could only be flown over the Hump after they had first been brought over railroads from Indian ports.

In Burma, the Japs still retained a grip on the end of the Burma Road, on Myitkyina, indeed on almost all northern Burma. If the Japs were to be driven back, supplies must be brought in over the railroad. For the moment, the Assam and Arakan fronts were quiet, but Allied Intelligence knew there was trouble coming in the spring.

Indian management of railways had reached its limit. The "tea-garden railroad" had been subjected to previously unimagined demands, and here were Americans asking still more. The Indians didn't see how it could be done.

But Yount saw. He found there was plenty of rail capacity to deliver goods

to Parbatipur, a rail junction, 235 miles north of Calcutta. From there on, it would be a job for Americans. He told Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India: "If we take over the line from Parbatipur on, I'll guarantee to handle everything shot at us."

So early in 1944, the squalid little Indian railroad towns along the line bulged under the influx of American soldiers some of them young, some middle-aged or more. They were members of the Army's Military Railway Service; men who had railroaded from one end of the United States to the other. Probably every major American railway was represented, and most of the others, even including New York City's subway system. For a month, the Americans looked on. They watched Indians operate the line. They studied how it could be done better.

The American right of way started at Katihar where the Bengal & Assam joined the Oudh & Tirhut Railway, some eighty miles west of Parbatipur. From there, it stretched farther east, crossed plains and jungles, drove through hills, ending at Ledo on the edge of Burma, a total of 804 miles of track.

The prime bottleneck in the entire operation was the yard at Parbatipur. There, all freight coming over the broad gauge from Calcutta had to be transshipped into meter-gauge cars.

The bulk of the transshipment was done by Indian coolies, pretty unsubstantial fellows compared to the G.I.s. Knowing little or no English, markings like "Fragile" or "Handle with Care" meant nothing, and it was no small job to convince them that they would live longer if they stopped throwing around cases of hand grenades.

Another quirk of the Indians is that a bulb can never be found for the headlight during daylight. Light-fingered residents stole them at every opportunity. Before G.I.s learned it was necessary to remove bulbs at daylight, so many were taken that for a time, trains ran through the dark jungle night without lights.

Nevertheless, smooth cooperation between Indians and Americans became the rule. One contribution to good feeling was made by Pfc. Lloyd Aulick, of Indianapolis, when he plunged into

the Brahmaputra in darkness and pulled out of the rushing current two Indians whose boat had capsized, a feat for which he was awarded the Soldier's Medal. By the end of the first eight months under American operation, the number of tons being ferried across increased several hundred per cent.

At one point it looked as if the trains would have to stop running, as a monsoon threatened to wash out a bridge over the Newbeki River just as it had with every monsoon for twenty years.

This stirred the G.I. railroaders because, over that bridge they were rolling bombs and bullets for hard-beset Chinese armies. The British Fourteenth Army, which had just tossed the Japs off the Manipur Road and was fighting back to Kohima and Imphal, also depended on this bridge. Loss of the span might mean the loss of a hundred battles.

"When the floods come, there's no way to save the bridge," said the British superintendent of the Bengal & Assam.

"There's got to be a way," said the Yank railroaders. Among them were men who had fought flash floods on the Canadian and the Pecos, who had helped cheat the rolling Mississippi and learned the trick of handling raging rivers from Maine valleys to California canyons.

Time was growing short. Fast ground and aerial surveys were ordered by Division Superintendent Lieutenant Colonel George Branch of Kansas City, Missouri formerly of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad. Acting on survey results, Branch rushed a party of G.I. rails with bulldozers and draglines to the river four miles above the bridge. They were to cut a twenty-foot channel ten feet deep to divert part of the Newbeki's flood waters across a 2,000-foot strip into the Bhulkdoba River. Already the monsoon rains were raising the river level. The rails slogged in. Men gritted their teeth and dug on a twenty-four-hour basis. They had to get that channel through. Ten days after, the channel was finished. But would it carry off enough water to save the bridge?

Down the valley raced the monsoon waters. Within forty-eight hours the

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flood reached the new cut. Part of the waters went swirling through, widening it as they rushed along.

At the bridge the river rose rapidly. Up twenty feet—then one foot, two feet, six, seven, seven and a half more. There it stopped. Word passed along the line: The bridge held.

Despite everything, the G.I.s made the road buzz. During their first month, March tonnage shoved down the line was stepped up forty-three per cent. It wasn't enough. The Japs had just started an offensive against Kohima and Imphal. G.I. railroaders poured it on. Shells, gasoline, armor being rushed up from Indian ports had to be moved to the front. Americans boosted the loading of each car. Where seven tons had gone before, they put in eight; where eight had been, they loaded nine. They increased the length of trains from an average of 40 to 45 cars; in some cases a hundred.

A shop battalion reduced the time for engine overhauls from three weeks to five days. New engines, new cars came in from America. G.I.s patched up others previously believed unfit for service. In the midst of their efforts, the tent camp of the G.I. railroaders at Parbatipur burned down, and men went to work in their underclothes. Not long afterward, the same camp was blown down. Again it was flooded out, but the flow of weapons down the railway continued.

By that time the Japs were surging north in Assam, and the G.I.s knew they were freighting goods down to save their own railroad as well. From Lumding through Manipur Road Junction, through Mariani, up and down, the track became an armed defense line. Railroaders became combat troops throwing up defensive positions, erecting strong points, installing machine-gun nests, sending out parties to patrol the line. Up Manipur Road toward the rail junction came the Japs. Thrice, small enemy patrols were reported to have crossed the line.

Meantime the G.I. rails bore down all the harder. The climax came when a strong Japanese force penetrated within four and a half miles of the Mariani yards. There they were stopped as the accumulated might of the Allied forces made itself felt and bore back the enemy. The worst was

over, even though enemy stragglers continued to infest the region.

But Japs or no Japs, the rails still had their job to do. Brigadier General Frank Merrill and his Marauders along with other troops of General Joe Stilwell's command were depending on them as they marched against Myitkyina. Near the end of the line, Army transport pilots were waiting for gasoline and other supplies to be ferried across the Himalayas to Major General Claire L. Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force and to the Armies of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in Assam.

The "tea-garden line" became a major railroad operation. For reasons of military security, actual tonnage figures cannot be given, but since the G.I.s took over, the amount of military supplies hauled has almost doubled. An officer of the Military Railway Service estimated that if the boys are given the goods to move they can double the figures again.

As General Yount said to one of his officers who had complacently remarked upon progress: "You haven't even started yet." □

Tell All Your Friends About Ex-CBI Roundup

He Saved Ho Chi Minh

The recent death in Silver Spring, Md., of Paul V. Hoagland recalls the story of OSS mission in which he was credited with saving the life of Ho Chi Minh in 1945. Information about this incident had earlier appeared in August 9, 1966 issue of LOOK and March 22, 1968, LIFE magazines. The Washington Post story reprinted below was sent to Ex-CBI Roundup by Larry Vogt of Park Ridge, N.J., who was also a member of the 1945 OSS team.

By ALEX WARD
Washington Post Staff Writer

Paul V. Hoagland, who as a medic in the summer of 1945 was credited with saving the life of Ho Chi Minh, the late president of North Vietnam, died suddenly Sunday after suffering a heart attack. He was pronounced dead at Holy Cross Hospital in Silver Spring.

Mr. Hoagland, 50, had worked for the Central Intelligence Agency for the past 24 years. He lived at 12300 Livingston St., Wheaton.

Mr. Hoagland was a member of an eight-man Office of Strategic Services team that was parachuted into Indochina behind Japanese lines shortly before the end of World War II. Its purpose was to help organize and train Vietminh guerrillas.

The team landed in a jungle clearing near Chochu, 75 miles north of Hanoi. Writing in the Aug. 9, 1966, edition of Look magazine, Rene J. Defourneaux, also on the team, described the first encounter with Ho, in a secluded, bamboo hut:

"... In the darkest corner of the room lay a pile of bones covered with yellow, dry skin. A pair of glassy eyes stared at us. The man was shaking like a leaf and obviously running a high fever. When my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, I noticed the long, scraggly goatee hanging from a pointed chin.

"Hoagland took a quick look and said, 'This man doesn't have long for this world.' "

Mr. Hoagland began treating Ho immediately, wrote Defourneaux, speculating that his illness could have been malaria, dengue, dysentery, or a combination of all three.

By treating him with quinine, sulfa drugs and other medicines, wrote Defourneaux, Hoagland had Ho Chi Minh on his feet within ten days.

The war ended shortly afterwards, and the OSS team accompanied Ho and his guerilla band back to Hanoi.

When its members parted company with Ho, wrote Defourneaux, his parting words were: "I want to thank each of you for what you have done for us. We are truly grateful. You are welcome to come back . . . you have an open invitation to come back any time."

Ho died on Sept. 3, 1969.

Shortly after the war, Mr. Hoagland began working for the CIA, and remained with the agency until his death.

Born and raised in Romulus, N.Y., Mr. Hoagland attended night school after graduating from high school and was later trained as a nurse at the Willard State Hospital in Willard, N.Y.

For several years, he served as a medic on the Swedish liner Gripsholm. From 1942 until the end of the war, Mr. Hoagland was in the OSS.

He was a member of the Holy Name Society of St. Catherine Laboure Catholic Church in Wheaton, a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the American Legion, and the Silver Spring Moose.

Mr. Hoagland is survived by his wife, Mary Frances, six sons, Michael P., Joseph P., James M., John T., Paul R., and Patrick D., four daughters, Barbara Ann, Patricia Alice, Mary Louise, and Rita Marie, all of them home. Also surviving is his mother, Alice M. Hoagland; and two brothers, Donald J. and John R., all three of Rochester, N. Y. □

Be Sure to Notify

Roundup

When You Change

Your Address.



BOOK REVIEWS



RED GUARD: *The Political Biography of Dai Hsiao-ai.* By Gordon A. Bennett and Ronald N. Montaperto. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y. February 1971. \$5.95.

With the idea of presenting events of Mao's Cultural Revolution through the eyes of an observer-participant, the authors found a young refugee in Hong Kong and persuaded him to write a series of essays. Dai was a high school student seized, like millions of other Chinese, with revolutionary fervor and adoration for Mao. He joined the Young Communist League in high school, journeyed to Peking as one of the Red Guards. Later he lived among peasants and found them discontented because of compulsory grain deliveries, long hours of work, and little pay. Dai himself decided that China's Communist society was a lie, so he escaped to Hong Kong. He still feels, however, that Mao is a genius, and is proud of progress made by China.

HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR. By B. H. Liddell Hart. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. April 1971. \$12.50.

World War II could have been prevented by a firm stance on the part of Britain and France long before Hitler invaded Poland. This is one of several interesting conclusions reached by Sir Basil Liddell Hart, one of the world's outstanding teacher-historians, in this book on which he worked for 22 years. This is a military history on the broadest possible scale, ranging from events preceding the war, through the campaigns and battles of seven turbulent years, to the final conclusion of hostilities. It is based largely on a priceless personal collection of private documents and the author's constant study of the day-to-day events of the war.

MAO'S GREAT REVOLUTION. By Robert S. Elegant. World Publishing Co., Cleveland, Ohio. February 1971. \$10.

This latest work by a man who has written numerous books about China is a detailed exploration of events inside Communist China, and the

"princes of the Communist hierarchy" who rose or fell with the unfolding drama of those events. It begins with the 1959 Plenary Session of the Central Communist Party and runs through the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution unleashed by Mao seven years later. Elegant calls the Cultural Revolution "a catharsis of the Chinese soul" and sees China seeking new self-knowledge on which a new relationship with the outside world may be based. He draws on Hong Kong and Taiwanese sources for much of his information.

HOSTAGE IN PEKING. By Anthony Grey. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y. \$6.95.

This book is based on an abbreviated diary, and is the story of one man's survival in an alien and hostile world. The author, a Reuters correspondent to Peking in 1967, shortly after the uprisings of the Red Guard that touched off the Cultural Revolution, lived a fairly normal life in Peking's foreign community for four months. Then, in reprisal for the arrests of some Chinese in Hong Kong, he was put into solitary confinement for two years—from the summer of 1967 to the fall of 1969. Confined to a small room in his own house, for which he had to pay rent during the entire period, he managed to get enough paper to keep up his diary.

CHILDREN OF INDIA. By Sumana Chandavarkar, with photographs by Stella Snead. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., West Caldwell, N.J. March 1971. \$4.50.

This book, published by a company that has been putting out children's books for over 100 years, is especially for those seven to 10 years of age. A Bombay boy guides readers through the exotic variety of cultures, climates, religions, languages, customs and dress of children in India today.

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINA. By Hilda Hookham. St. Martin's Press, Inc., New York. March 1971. \$10.

A compact illustrated history of China from prehistory to the Ching dynasty that ended with the establishment of the First Republic in 1911 and the People's Republic of Mao Tse-tung. The author, a leading English historian of the Orient, provides an overview of the complex ebb and flow of Chinese history and its various cultural phases for the past 3,000 years.

It Happened in CBI

Readers are invited to contribute little stories about CBI incidents for publication in "It Happened in CBI," which will appear from time to time in Ex-CBI Roundup. Almost everyone knows of at least one item of interest . . . this could be a most interesting regular feature. Send your stories to Roundup.

**By Alvah E. Perkins,
Col. USAF (Ret.)
Gambrills, Md.**

By way of preamble, I have told and retold this story many times, but for the first time publicly at the first reunion of the 1880th Engineer Aviation Battalion Veterans Association, at Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 23-24, 1970. As secretary-treasurer of the Association and as former Battalion Exec it was my privilege to address that happy gathering. I confessed there that my feeling for the members of the old outfit was best expressed by a four-letter word, and that word is LOVE. In fact, there is really only one man in the outfit against whom I would hold the slightest grudge, and therein lies the story.

The scene lay between Myitkyina and Bhamo, where in the winter of 1945 we were converting a stretch of the old British truck (lorry) fair-weather trail to a section of the Ledo Road. The time was one of those lovely soft evenings of the dry season in northern Burma. The Battalion Commander, Lt. Col. Claude P. Joyce, and I were seated in my jungle pad and engaged in a game of gin rummy. I trying to gain a bit for contribution to the Chaplain's fund and he trying to drive me into bankruptcy. As I remember it he was doing quite well when we were interrupted. There was a sharp CRACK!, and we lifted our heads in alarm. A second missile really spit in our ears and we tumbled out of there in near panic.

It was all very simple. There was one George Pokornik on guard duty that evening. One of his instructions was, if he saw a tiger (a rare occurrence) he was to shoot—fast and straight. He saw (he said) the gleam of the eye of a tiger in a small grove

of bamboo within the camp. It soon became clear that what he actually had seen was a glimmer of light through the bamboo foliage, from the naked lamp bulb above my improvised field desk.

By this time George was pretty well shook and was replaced as guard. We two returned to the game—likewise a bit shook—but first we found two bullet holes, one entering and one exiting. Stretching a string we found that the bullet had missed the CO by a scant four inches.

There was some continuing discussion. Quite possibly there was a violation of an Article of War—something about careless discharge of a firearm. On the other hand there was clearly ■ stout performance of duty, as he saw his duty, and all in good faith, by George Pokornik. I remember remarking to Colonel Joyce, "You're in a tight spot—every man in this outfit will be waiting to see what you do about this."

I must appear to diverge for a moment. The battalion work mission was well organized and proceeding smoothly, mostly thanks to a hard-working S-3 with a touch of genius, and for the CO there were some hours of sheer nothingness. He was and is a go-go guy, and in an hour of boredom he had fashioned a slingshot with which to fire pebbles at small fish in the crystal stream that ran though H & S Company camp. His marksmanship was deplorable, but that's another story, so now back to the present one.

Early the following morning Colonel Joyce strode into the supply tent where George was on regular duty; banging the slingshot down on the packing-case counter, he said, "Here, goddamit—next time you go on guard duty, leave your rifle in the tent—and USE THIS!" And that was his last word on the subject.

Of course, in an hour's time the news spread throughout the battalion, and beyond. It all ended very nicely, and not a soul hurt. Everybody happy!

Now you may be wondering, it came out okay so what's my beef against George Pokornik? Well, don't you see, if George had worked just a bit harder on the rifle range . . . □

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

24th Annual CBIYA Reunion

August 4, 5, 6, 7, 1971 — Baker Hotel
Dallas, Texas

Wednesday—August 4, 1971

Six Flags Over Texas—Optional—On Your Own

12:00 Noon Registration (Mezzanine)
12:00 Noon to 4:00 p.m. Teen Swimming
12:00 Noon to 4:30 p.m. Pre-Teens Games in Friendship Room (Fiesta Room)
2:00 p.m. Golf Tournament (Glen Lakes Country Club)
7:00 p.m. Pre-Teen—Movie, followed by games (Fiesta Room)
7:00 p.m. Teens—Movie and hospitality room (English Room)
9:00 p.m. Texas Hospitality (Western Attire) (Terrace Room)

Thursday—August 5, 1971

8:00 a.m. Registration (Mezzanine)
9:00 a.m. Business Session (Terrace Room)
11:00 a.m. Memorial Service (Downtown Chapel)
11:00 a.m. Pre-Teen Puppet Show (Fiesta Room)
3:00 p.m. Load Buses to Austin Patio Dude Ranch (swimming, ping-pong, paddle boats, riding and dancing)
9:00 p.m. Load Buses to return to Hotel
11:00 p.m. Teen Hospitality (English Room)
11:00 p.m. Adult Hospitality (Terrace Room)

Friday—August 6, 1971

8:00 a.m. Coffee and Rolls (Mahoning Valley) (Texas Room)
9:00 a.m. Registration (Mezzanine)
9:00 a.m. Business Session (Terrace Room)
9:00 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. Teenage Boys swimming or magic show
9:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. Pre-Teens—Magic show (Fiesta Room)
9:30 a.m. Ladies Brunch and Style Show (Neiman Marcus)
2:30 p.m. Puia Parade
4:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. Sally Brown slide show (Banquet Room 5)
7:30 p.m. Dinner (All Ages) (Crystal Ballroom)
9:00 p.m. Teenage Hospitality (English Room)
9:00 p.m. to 12:00 p.m. Pre-Teen—Clown show (Tricks, games, prizes, music) (Fiesta Room)
9:00 p.m. CBI Revue and Hospitality (Terrace Room)

Saturday—August 7, 1971

8:00 a.m. Coffee and Rolls (Texas Room)
9:00 a.m. Registration (Mezzanine)
9:00 a.m. Business Session (Terrace Room)
9:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. Animal World, including picnic lunch, Pre-Teens
12:00 Noon Past Commanders Luncheon (Adults and Teens) (Crystal Room)
2:00 p.m. Sally Brown slide show (Banquet Room 5)
3:00 p.m. to 5 p.m. Teenage swimming
7:30 p.m. Commanders Banquet (All Ages), (Adult Dancing Following) (Crystal Ballroom)
9 p.m. to 12:00 p.m. Pre-Teens—Clown show (Fiesta Room)
9:00 p.m. Teenage Hospitality (English Room)
10:30 p.m. Hospitality (Terrace Room)

CBI Personality

"CBI Personality," which will appear in Ex-CBI Roundup from time to time, is an attempt to relate a little personal information about some of those who served in the China-Burma-India area. Some of these items will be written by readers, others clipped from various publications . . . perhaps YOU know of someone you would like to tell about in this column. We invite your contributions.

One of the best-known officers of the CBI Theater will be waiting to greet you at Dallas on August 4. He is Marvin Sledge of Ft. Worth, a retired Air Force Colonel and Vice Commander of the Texas Department of CBIVA. Marvin is a charter member of the Dallas Basha, and with his wife Haroldine is present every time the basha meets.

Marvin's overseas service in World War II began December 5, 1941, two days before Pearl Harbor, and ended in September, 1945, following VJ Day, when he left India for the U.S.

He was en route with his 59th Materiel Squadron from San Francisco to Pearl Harbor and the Philippines on the S. S. Johnson, when word came that the Japanese had bombed Pearl. The Johnson was ordered back to San Francisco, where the 59th was re-equipped.

It put out to sea again 12 January 1942 on the S. S. Mariposa, en route to Batavia, Java. After successfully eluding a Japanese task force, the Mariposa reached Australia. There the 59th was put aboard the West Point, which joined a Java-bound convoy. Orders

were changed en route, and the West Point went to Ceylon and on to Karachi. Four ships of the convoy tried to reach Java. Two were sunk and the other two got back to Australia safely.

The West Point reached Karachi 12 March 1942 with the first United States troops to arrive in the CBI. The 59th had been dodging the Japanese at sea exactly two months.

Sledge's 59th Materiel Squadron began performing duty at the Karachi Airfield, while Sledge performed added duty as commander of U. S. troops at Malir Airfield. These included the 3,800 men who avoided the Java trap, plus 9,000 others diverted at sea and sent to Karachi where Sledge was told to "take care of them".

In June 1942 Sledge began furnishing detachments from his 59th Materiel Squadron to airbases in the CBI. With his headquarters at Allahabad, he soon had more than 1,000 men on duty there and at Bangalore, Calcutta, Dinjan, Chabua and Kunming.

In November 1942 Sledge went to On-dal to prepare facilities for the 305th Air Service Group which was en route from Bombay by rail. Then for the next two years he performed any job that came up, and gained valuable experience throughout the Theater.

In December 1944 he was given command of the 52nd Air Service Group at Myitkyina. In June 1945 he took command of the 44th Air Service Group at Dinjan. Then in September 1945, the war having been won, he departed for the U. S. after more than three-and-a-half years overseas.

Colonel Sledge greatly enjoys getting together with CBIers and talking over old times. His current motto is "Come to Dallas and have FUN". □

ARE YOU A TIGER?

If you were assigned or attached to the AVG, CATF, and/or the 14th Air Force, before and during World War II in China, as military, tech representative, Red Cross personnel, or US Civil Service personnel, you can join the unique and colorful FLYING TIGERS of the 14th Air Force Association—a "Last-Man Group".

Write for informational literature to Milt Klein, 9 Interstate St., Suffern, N.Y. 10901.

India Trying to Improve Childhood Diets

The Associated Press

India, a country where 80 per cent of the children are said to suffer from malnutrition, is pioneering in new techniques to improve childhood diets.

U.S. officials working closely with the Food Ministry believe the concepts underlying India's national nutrition policy can be applied with profit in other countries.

The program, now in its third year, includes extensive use of mass media to stress the importance of better diets, mobilization of the private food and drug industries, fortification of basic foods and strong support from the highest officials.

This is a land where traditions can't be ignored and where diets have changed little in centuries, so the task is not easy.

Emphasis has been placed on increasing the quality of basic foods without changing their taste, color, texture—or cost.

Less than two years ago the government introduced high-protein modern bread. Now all major bread companies have followed the example, putting extra protein into their loaves.

Similarly, the government has approved a project that will fortify the specially ground wheat used to make chapattis, the pancake-like bread eaten by most Indians.

Research is underway on strengthening salt, tea and milk so they can serve as carriers of better nutrition.

The country will be saturated soon with a just-completed film, made in 10 languages. Its title, "A Child's Plate Is His Horoscope," recognizes the importance Indians place on astrology.

Leading food and pharmaceutical corporations have formed a protein foods association that is sponsoring nutrition advertisements in newspapers and movie theaters.

Impetus for the program came from the U.S. Agency for International Development, which set up in 1966 a

special food and nutrition division under the direction of Alan D. Berg, a former deputy director of the Food for Peace program.

The program is an out-growth of the massive relief effort credited with averting mass starvation during the serious drought in Bihar State three years ago. □

It Happened in CBI

Alfred Frankel, Plymouth Meeting, Pa., sends a clipping from the Philadelphia Inquirer, with the following comment: "The enclosed should finally confirm for all time, the great and vital part that the 7th Bomb Group played in the CBI theater during WW2. Thought this item would be of interest to old 7th Bomb hands . . . we knocked out more bridges than any other outfit in that part of the world."

Following is the article referred to by Frankel:

* * *

Who blew the bridge over the River Kwai first? Alec Guinness and William Holden? Or did an American bomber blast the bridge to bits in 1945, years before Guinness and Holden recorded on celluloid the destruction of a bridge specially built for the movie?

Lt. Col. William A. Henderson, currently serving with the U.S. Air Force in South Vietnam, claims it was the latter and says he dropped the bomb that blew up the bridge.

The story of an attempt to destroy the bridge became famous with Pierre Boulle's best-selling book, "The Bridge Over the River Kwai."

Henderson, on a week's leave in Bangkok, said: "I blew the bridge on a bombing raid with the United States Air Force." He was a lieutenant and bombardier at the time, he said.

The bridge was in western Thailand, about 70 miles from Bangkok in rugged country about 30 miles from the Burmese border. Henderson, now 46, said the raid was made April 3, 1945, by the 7th Bomb Group, 436th Squadron, from a base in India. □

1971 CBI REUNION
Dallas, Texas
August 4-5-6-7

Shanghai Has Changed

The many CBIers who visited Shanghai before it was taken over by the Communists will be interested in this report by John Roderick, Associated Press correspondent who accompanied the U.S. table tennis team on its recent visit to the mainland.

BY JOHN RODERICK

Ciro's, the circular hall where the young blades of Shanghai once came for dances, has become a puppet theater. The race course is a public park.

There no longer is room for dancing and gambling in Shanghai, once one of the world's fleshpots.

Gone are the bars, the theaters, the movie palaces, the posh foreign clubs, the golf courses, the beautifully appointed restaurants with their staggering menus. Gone, too, is the foreigner who not so long ago cut up Shanghai into international, French and Japanese concessions, enclaves which thumbed their noses at Chinese law.

The brothels, the street walkers, the Great World amusement center and the gangsters who thrived on the opium trade have given way to Communist morality. This morality found equally repugnant the sight of consumptive rickshaw pullers and starving beggars.

They are no more.

The crowds remain, moving through the streets, carrying their burdens, darting among buses on thousands of bicycles. But they are more subdued than the swirling, cheerfully noisy, gesticulating masses that swarmed along the bund 24 years ago when Shanghai was my home for a year.

Yesteryear a colorful, patchwork pageant of the rich, the poor and the average man, today Shanghai is a study in blue and gray with the emphasis on gray. They are the colors of the clothes people wear, the houses they live in, the lives they live and the towering buildings from an age that has passed, perhaps forever.

When the Communist soldiers marched into the city in 1949, a foreigner observed: "If Mao Tse-tung breaks the spirit of Shanghai, he will be lucky. It is a tough nut to crack."

Shanghai, in fact, resisted. Its gangsters, financial wizards, merchants,

shopkeepers, gamblers, touts and landlords had grown skillful at keeping their heads above the current. They took stock of the Marxist idealists and reasoned that they could get around them somehow.

In the months before it fell, Shanghai had been a scene of chaos. The currency had run wild: it took several suitcases full of Chinese currency to pay for my farewell banquet. Department stores changed their prices hourly as inflation ballooned. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's son, Chiang Chingkuo, set up firing squads to discourage speculators. It did no good.

Mao's men met the crisis head-on. They shortcut the big financiers by decreeing that capitalism on a limited scale would continue and that a percentage of the profits could go into capitalist pockets.

Since then, Mao has said that this arrangement was the wrong-headed decision of now purged President Liu Shaochi. □

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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa 50554

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CBI DATELINE

From The Statesman

GANGTOK—The youngest-ever European to have been ordained a Buddhist monk is living the life of a child monk in the high-ranking monastery of Rhumtek located on a hillock overlooking Gangtok. Shenphen Zangpa, as he is known now, was born of an English mother and French father and chose the monastic life five years ago at the age of six. He has been studying the Buddhist precepts since then. Disturbed and dissatisfied with the turmoil and destruction in the modern world, his mother chose the Buddhist way for her son and brought him to the monastery. When Zangpo first came, he did not know a single word of Tibetan, but today he has almost forgotten his mother-tongue and his mother finds it difficult to converse with him during her visits to the monastery.

NEW DELHI—The government imposed a total ban on the export of tiger, panther, and leopard skins. The export of products made out of these animals' skins was also banned. This step was taken following representations about the indiscriminate killing of these animals, whose number is fast declining. This means even foreign tourists coming to India for "shikar" cannot take the skins of these animals as personal baggage. Up until now only commercial exports of tiger skins were banned.

CALCUTTA—Some people feel that cultural ties with foreign countries last longer than sophisticated diplomatic exercises. An individual, who has seen a bit of this effort while in the Government, has decided to bring Singapore and India closer through education. He is Dr. Girija W. Mookerjee, Professor of European Studies at the Jawaharlal Nehru University, who has accepted an appointment as a visiting professor at Nanyang University in Singapore where he will organize a department of Indian and European Studies. He will also conduct joint research projects on behalf of the Nehru

and Nanyang Universities. Dr. Mookerjee is a professor of Modern History at the University of Heidelberg, West Germany, and has also taught at the University of Freiburg. It was through his effort that the Department of European Studies at the Indian School of International Studies came into existence.

CALCUTTA—"Five or six cows were sitting in the middle of the road in Dalhousie Square. There is nothing unusual in that. What was, was the fact that a bull was standing guard over them and whenever a car came along, trespassing into what he considered his territory, he butted it out with great vehemence. He fixed his horns onto the front bumper or a mudguard and stayed put. Most drivers meekly edged away. One gave him a gentle shove and was paid for it with a broken headlight. Curiously enough, it was only the cars that were the object of his ire. Pedestrians were completely ignored. On the pavement, at a safe distance, gathered an amused and highly interested group, which cheered and clapped at every fresh conquest. A dozing bull is a common enough sight in the city. A bull-dozing bull is not."—Indian Notebook

CALCUTTA—Venison in Calcutta used to be the prerogative of shikaris. Now it is within the bazaaring purview of the common man. The Samavayika on Lindsay Street advertised just one and the rush was so great that queues extended almost up to the Globe cinema and the five hundred carcasses lasted less than half a week. The deer meat is flown in from the Andaman Islands and then cold stored. It is brought to the shop in relays, cut there and sold. A hind's head costs about Rs 5 and that of a stag with antlers around Rs 15. They are fresh enough to be cleaned and mounted.

JAIPUR—A case of possible human sacrifice to propitiate Goddess Kali was reported from Bikaner. The body of a 21-year-old teacher was recovered from Kali temple. The youth had a seven inch long and two inch deep cut on his neck. It was suspected that his blood was collected in a vessel and offered to the goddess. Although police do not rule out the human sacrifice, they are considering that it might have been murder.

Irrigation Threatens Ancient City

BY RALPH BLUMENTHAL
The New York Times

MOHENJO-DARO, Pakistan—Experts at the ruins of this 4,000-year-old city in the Indus Valley have urged the Government to take quick action to save the archeological treasure from further deterioration caused by water and salt.

The excavated city, which contained, among other things, toilets that drained into a central sewage system, is in an "alarmingly bad state of preservation," Arif Syaz, the assistant custodian of the site, has warned.

Ironically, irrigation, the very factor that has rendered the arid valley habitable again in recent decades, is being blamed for the threat to Mohenjo-Daro, which is situated about 250 miles north of Karachi, Pakistan's largest city.

The watering of the rice fields has introduced ground water that is soaking into the ancient brickwork. With the irrigation the level of underground salt water is rising, seeping up through the foundations and walls at some points above the ground. The seepage leaves behind feathery salt deposits that can be seen to be eating away the bricks.

The Government has already banned rice cultivation within a mile of the ruins and archeologists—despite the bitter objection of local farmers—have urged a doubling of this distance. "An end to the ban would aggravate the situation irreparably," Mr. Ayaz reported.

Experts have also recommended waterproofing of the course of the Dadu canal, several miles west of the ruins, to prevent water seepage into the surrounding soil.

Whereas the subsoil water level was 25 feet below ground when Mohenjo-Daro was first excavated in 1922, the underground water table has now risen to 15 feet from the surface in winter and seven feet in summer.

Adding to the anxiety of the archeologists is their belief that up to four additional layers of the city remain undiscovered underground.

The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, which began sending experts to examine the water problem in 1964, has contributed \$30,000 for preliminary planning.

The plan now is to devise an ambitious program that not only would divert the water away from Mohenjo-Daro but also would remove underground water with tube wells and pumps, and would desalinize the soil of nearby lands to increase agricultural productivity there to make up for the crop loss around the ruins. Completion of the project is expected to take 16 years and it will be financed, the Government hopes, largely by the United Nations agency.

Mohenjo-Daro was flourishing in 2500 B.C. and its origins undoubtedly were centuries earlier. The inhabitants, of non-Aryan racial stock, abandoned their city and about 40 similar sites in the Indus Valley after 1800 B.C. for unknown reasons.

It has been theorized that the valley grew arid or that the danger of floods increased or that the city was invaded by neighboring tribes. The civilization's pictographic writing, found on exquisitely carved seals depicting bulls and unicorns, has never been deciphered.

The city is notable for its main 30-foot-wide boulevard, its elaborate underground drainage system—two toilets have been found that emptied into this system—a large, glazed brick ceremonial bath, and scores of brick-lined wells.

Apparently the people of Mohenjo-Daro were not warlike, for few weapons were found, mainly stone balls for throwing. But there were bronze fishhooks, bronze mirrors, oil lamps, writing slates and clay figurines, including images of the "Great Mother Goddess" also worshipped in the Middle East about the same period.

The name Mohenjo-Daro—"mound of the dead"—was given the city at the time of its excavation by the British in 1922 by the local Sindh's, who were impressed with the skeletons found here. □

Betel-Leaf Chewers Joyfully Await Peace

By ERIC PACE

The New York Times

KARACHI, Pakistan, April 24—There was joy in Karachi this week at the news that shipments of betel leaf, the Pakistani equivalent of chewing gum, would be resumed soon from East Pakistan.

Pakistani International Airlines used to fly 30,000 pounds of the leaf daily from East Pakistan to West Pakistan, where hundreds of thousands of people chewed or sucked it mixed with spices and other condiments wondrous to the Western tongue.

But shipments of the leaf, called pan, have stopped during the crisis in East Pakistan. The price of a good chew has soared here, and pan sellers have had little to sell because virtually no pan is grown here in the West.

"Sheik Mujib was a fool," said a pan wholesaler named Abdul Rahim. "He raised this cry of Bengal independence and ruined himself and ruined our business in the process."

"But the pan will come now, you will see," he said, stroking his beard excitedly. "In one week it will begin again."

Pan sellers here say that last month Sheik Mujibur Rahman, the East Pakistani leader, urged his followers to stop the shipping of the succulent, heart-shaped leaves to West Pakistan. And Pakistan International Airlines has flown no commercial freight out of East Pakistan in the last few weeks.

The events in East Pakistan have also disrupted shipments of paper—particularly newsprint—and tea to West Pakistan, but this had no impact yet on the average citizen.

But now the Government says life is returning to normal in the East and an airline freight executive at the Karachi airport said happily, "The pan will start coming in again any day now."

Pan leaves grow on a creeper, similar to a pepper vine. They are plucked when they are about five inches long and, in peaceful times, rushed to chewers in both the East and West.

In former times, pan leaves were brought by rail or ship to West Pakistan, where the relatively dry climate

is unsuitable for pan growing. But in recent years they have been coming in by air.

Speed is important because with time pan leaves dry out. The leaves are flown in 40-pound baskets to Karachi and Lahore and then trucked to wholesale centers. In Karachi, the center is in the working class Manakwada quarter, and there Mr. Rahim sat in his empty office, watching retailers argue over a few baskets of pan in the square outside.

If you had a suitcase of pan you could sell it for \$150," he said hopefully. □

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

P. O. BOX 125 Laurens, Iowa



FARMER plows flooded rice paddy in Kwangsi province of China. Photo by Col. W. J. Peterkin.

Heads Legion

● A 14th Air Force veteran of the CBI theater in World War II, Raymond T. Wellington of Utica, is the New York state department commander of the American Legion. He is claims manager of the Utica Mutual Insurance Company.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Robert C. Tugman, Canandaigua, N.Y.)

Michigan Roundup

● The group of Michigan CBI vets which was organized by the late J. Glenn Doyle of Saginaw, got together for the 19th time on Friday, April 16, at the High Life Inn in Saginaw. The meeting was attended by 70 men, some of whom came for the first time, a few who have a perfect record of attendance, and some who hadn't been seen for a number of years. Among the latter was Gus Fisher who came from Englewood, Fla., where he now lives. Harry McBratnil of Saginaw was this year's chairman. He will be succeeded by Wayne M. Felzke of Potterville for the 1972 meeting which will be held Saturday, April 15, 1972, in Saginaw. Any Michigan CBI vet who would like to get on our mailing list may write to CBI Roundup, Attention Chuck Clark, P.O.

Box 843, Saginaw, Mich. 40606.

CHARLES N. CLARK,
Saginaw, Mich.

CBIer Clark's letter was accompanied by a check for 10 Ex-CBI Roundup subscriptions. May there be many more Michigan meetings!
—Ed.

1942 to 1944

● Was in the CBI theater from 1942 to 1944.

HENRY SOSINSKI,
Johnstown, Pa.

Clarence E. Evans

● Clarence E. Evans, 76, retired regional disbursing officer for the U.S. Treasury Department, died April 23 in Denver, Colo., where he had lived for 52 years. During World War II he was disbursing officer for American forces in Chungking, China.

(From a Denver Post clipping sent in by J. W. Bowman, Littleton, Colo.)

73rd Evacuation

● Was with the 73rd Evacuation Hospital on the Ledo Road at Tinsukia, India, and Shingbwiyang, Burma, for almost 2½ years.

VILHO A. JACOBSON,
New Castle, Pa.

Reader Since '48

● Enjoy receiving and reading Ex-CBI Roundup. I've been a subscriber since June 1948. Heard about the magazine when stationed at Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, Colo. I went overseas with the 73rd Evacuation Hospital (Los Angeles unit) in January 1943 and arrived at our destination, Ledo, Assam, on 17 March 1943.

DORA M. HENNING,
Lt. Col. A.N.C. Ret.,
Tacoma, Wash.



JUST WAITING after herding a bunch of mules up the Ledo Road, members of the 37th QM Pack Troop are shown at Myitkyina, Burma, in November 1944. Photo by Erkie Johnston.



TOWN PUMP near railway station in a village north of Kai-Yuan, China, is gathering place for residents of the area. Photo by Dwight M. Burkam.

809th Ordnance

● The men of the 809th Ordnance, D Company, of which I was a member, will hold a reunion in Effingham, Ill., on July 16, 17 and 18 this year. This will be our fourth get-together since the end of WW2, and we will try to have a reunion every two years from now on. This reunion will be at the Holiday Inn in Effingham and the chairman is Carl Pearson, former executive officer of the 809th. Any former member of the 809th who may be interested in the reunion is invited to write to Carl Pearson at 206 Wernsing, Effingham, Ill. 62401. As for the Ex-CBI Roundup, I enjoy every bit of it. Keep it coming. REV. LAWRENCE BOBSIEN St. Michael's Church, Levelland, Tex.

504 Engineers

● Served in CBI during World War II with 504 Engr. Lt. Pn. Co.
ROBERT BODINE,
St. Louis, Mo.

372nd Station Hosp.

● Was with the 372nd Station Hospital at Kalaikunda, India, and wonder if you ever ran a story on our

outfit. As a result of wearing my CBI lapel pin, have met three CBI vets who weren't aware of Ex-CBI Roundup. If any of the boys from my outfit ever get to Pittsburgh, sure would like to hear from them. My address is 204 Sleepy Hollow Road.

VINCENT GRAZIANO,
Pittsburgh, Pa.



CREW MEMBERS who participated in General Doolittle's raid on Tokyo in April 1942 are shown with their plane, Tokyo Jo. Photo by J. E. Chapman.

330 Engineers

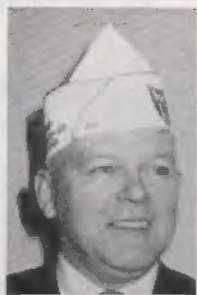
● My husband, Roy Coble, was in CBI from February 1941 until July 1945, and would like to hear from men in his company. He went over on the USS Monticello, a liner from Italy; was an engineer with the 330 Battalion which built the Ledo Road through Burma. There were 1,300 men in his unit; he was the last man to get a replacement. Thought he would never come home!

MRS. ROY COBLE,
3148 Pioneer St.
Ft. Worth, Texas

235th Signal

● Went over on the Brazil in March of 1942, in the 235th Signal Company. Went from Karachi to Allahabad to work control tower at the airport, then went to Chabua, Dinjan, over to Kunming, from there to Chengtu and opened up radio station, control tower and high speed radio operation. Left China in October 1944, back to Calcutta, then Bombay and home. I am now a police officer in Baltimore City.

JACK LEVY,
Baltimore, Md.



Commander's Message

by

Robert D. Thomas
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

On Tuesday, April 27th, the Great Architect of our Universe called to rest another Past National Commander, John Z. Dawson, of Detroit. To his wife, Mickie, I extend a message of deepest sympathy on behalf of our C.B.I.V.A. family.

We are saddened, always, to report the loss of a friend—but carry on we must.

Our membership campaign is moving along at an astounding rate. Our goal for 130 new members for the year has had to be revised, and we are now shooting for 200. Our ever-busy Adjutant, Russ Kopplin, reports that, as of May 1, 1971, we have added 175 new names to our roster. Russ has sent a letter of welcome to all these people, and we are delighted to have them join our ranks. When you meet any of these new members, please extend our special CBI hospitality to them. Make them really glad they joined our family.

Now, as a lasting tribute to our departed Commander, Howard Clager we need 25 more new members before reunion time. Will you help fulfill our goal?

On Saturday, April 17th, the Delaware Valley Basha hosted their 3rd Annual All-East Get-Together. One hundred ten veterans, wives and guests from Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New

Jersey, New York, Ohio and Michigan gathered for an evening of fun and reminiscing. C.B.I.V.A. gained six new members on that night, and the most pleasant surprise of all was the announcement of the engagement of our good friend, Polly Hughes, from Dayton, and CBler Ted Price, of Sunbury, Penn. We wish them many years of happiness together.

April 29th found Carolyn and I, and our traveling companion, Walt Phillips, winging our way to Dallas, Texas, for the National Board Meeting. Sid Rappaport, the Frank Brangers, and the Ed Mais met us at the airport and escorted us to the Baker Hotel where Alida Rappaport, Evelyn Sholden and the other members of the Dallas Basha had plenty of goodies and liquid refreshments ready for us. Hospitality as only Texans can give was extended to us that evening, and again on Friday and Saturday nights.

On Saturday morning, the National Board Meeting was attended by 74 people, including 10 National Officers and four Past National Commanders.

The business session was officially opened by Past National Commander Douglas Runk. After the invocation by Father Glavin and Pledge of Allegiance, led by Provost Marshal Charles W. Rose, I was introduced as your new Commander. It was a solemn occasion, and the somber tone of the entire meeting reminded us that Howard was missing from our ranks. We conducted our business as we hope he would have wanted it.

The afternoon business session gave us an opportunity to hear more about our reunion plans from Bill Godfrey, Reunion Chairman. Frank Branger, Sr. Vice Commander of the Dallas Basha, reported on Pre-Teen and Teen Activities. These are being stressed in the planning to keep our young people (and their parents) happy. By this time, you should have received the second reunion mailing as evidence of the fact that the committee has been working very hard to plan four fun-filled days for us in August. I hope your registration is already in the mail.

The Baker Hotel management is making every effort to see that your accommodations are comfortable and reasonable for the convention. They have lowered their rates considerably for our benefit. I urge you to make your hotel reservations, especially if you desire any special accommodations.

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.



CROWDED market scene in a village near Liuchow, China. Photo by Milton Klein.

Tezpur, India

● Have been subscribing to Ex-CBI Roundup for several years and always look for names of those who served at Tezpur, India. Finally in March issue I saw a name I recognized, that of Anthony Noto. I believe he was an airplane mechanic or crew chief when I was there. Wonder what ever happened to Capt. John Payne of Paducah, Ky. He was stationed at Tezpur and was mentioned in Scott's book, "God Is My Co-Pilot," I believe, as making the first night flight over the Hump.

ERNEST P. ORSINI,
Altamont, N.Y.

7th Bomb Group

● Was on the troopship Rhona when it went down; then went on to fly my missions from the 436th Bomb Squadron, 7th Bomb Group. Have lost track of most of the other men who were with me.

HOWARD BAKER,
Correctionville, Iowa

72nd Field Hospital

● Does anyone know where some of the officers of the 72nd Field Hospital are? Like William A. O'Brien. Isn't there a tracer service, as long as we have their service numbers? Never have been able to contact Dr. Frank Waldorf of Chi-

cago area. Just read the Christmas issue, a few months late. The grim reaper is taking some of the "pick of the crop," and shortening our tally of CBIs.

MRS. C. KOCH, R.N.,
(nee Gimney),
P.O. Box 301,
Cape May Court House, N.J.

124th Cavalry

● Served about two years in CBI with Troop E, 124th Cavalry.

FRANK P. SIDARI
Albion, N.Y.

7th Ferrying Group

● Was stationed with 7th Ferrying Group, Air Transport Command, during 1944 and 1945 at Chabua, Assam Valley, India. Became a charter member of the Washington, D.C. Basha of CBIVA in 1950. A lapel pin was responsible for my meeting two CBI men recently.

GEORGE A. CORBI,
Washington, D.C.

Emblem on Card

● Had an idea for my business card a couple years ago; I put the CBI emblem on the front of it. You'd be surprised how many guys I meet via this card. Those who are not CBIs just assume it is the company insignia, but it doesn't take long for those who have been there to spot it.

LESTER CHRISTIANSEN,
Lincoln, Nebr.



ORNATE building at Jaipur, India, known as "The House of Winds." Photo by Warren Tucker.

A Big Texas
Welcome
To Your
August 4-7
REUNION



THE BAKER HOTEL

located right downtown
in the center of things
is your headquarters
and ready to welcome all
CBI veterans and families.

Send in your reservations early.